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EIGHTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 1893.

NUMBER 43.

THIS SPACE
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Better Not Turn Back.

If Mr. Carlisle would not forever damn his personal popularity with the Kentucky politicians, his acceptance of the treasury portfolio is an assured fact. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, but hope blighted maketh the heart hard against the raiser and the blighter, if he be one and the same.

So sure have they become that Mr. Carlisle can if he will, and so great is their desire that he will if he may, that the aspiring politicians of senatorial proportions have risen en masse throughout Kentucky and reached forth their multitudinous hands after that already half cast off toga.

So tense is the tension, so strained the situation, that were the stalwart statesman of the limpid Licking to now draw the flapping folds of his legislative mantle about him as he turned his back on the open cabinet, the snap of the broken hearts would ring on listening ears like a volley from a company of old-time riflemen.

Already the advance guard of the would be succession is concentrating at the state capital; already are being prepared the preliminaries for general debauchment of aggressive emissaries, spies, couriers and sharpshooters, throughout the state; already Cash—a most potent factor in the prospective contest—is actively though subtly planning his campaign and deploying his men.

It may not of necessity be understood that in thus using Hon. Cassius Marcellus Clay's soubriquet so familiarly we have any thought of the root of all evil, filthy lucre, hard cash; but let it go at that, there is an affinity not of our arranging, and the effect of which it is not our mission to counteract.

And too others are arranging for the fray, diplomacy is at play, old lines of alliance are being mended and new ones run and communities of interests are being formed beside the breaking up of which the thawing out of the present ice gorge in the Ohio river will not be a circumstance.—Covington Commonwealth.

Printers Who Have Got Pie.

Gov. Hogg, of Texas, whose second term of office will begin next Monday, is but thirty-nine years old, but has had a remarkable and successful career. He was an orphan and the widow who cared for him put him to work on the farm when he was nine years of age. At night she gave him instructions in books, until he entered a store to learn that business, but soon left it to learn the printer's trade in a country newspaper office, and became a first-class printer. He entered politics when he was twenty-one years of age, his first office being road overseer, next constable, sheriff, county clerk, state senator and governor. He was never defeated when before the people. He is the editor and owner of the San Angelo Sentinel, one of the best country newspapers in Texas.

He is now talked of as a candidate for U. S. senator to succeed R. Q. Mills.

Indeed, printers and newspaper men seem to be in it in a gubernatorial way this year. Gov. Peck, of Wisconsin, Gov. Jones, of Alabama, Gov. Cooper, of Colorado, Gov. Hogg, of Texas, Gov. Osborn, of Wyoming, Gov. Lewelling, of Kansas, and several more, are all "prints," and good ones, too.—Clay City Chronicle.

Salaries Paid by Uncle Sam.

The salaries paid to persons in the civil service of the United States amount to \$90,000,000 annually. This seems like a tremendous amount, but when it is borne in mind that this sum pays the wages of 180,000 persons it need not appall any one. The average is only \$500 a year. The number of public offices has been increased 20,000 during the past ten years, but the additions were chiefly postmasters, some of them receiving insignificant amounts. It ought to be added that a large proportion of the 180,000 are not exclusively employed by the government, but only put in a part of their time.

MOUNTAINS FULL OF MONEY.

The Navajo Indians Have Zealously Guarded Their Gold Fields.

Wm. H. Duncan, editor of the Terre Haute (Ind.) Mail, was connected with the government Indian agency at Fort Defiance, A. T., for several years and is well acquainted with the gold fields along the San Juan river. He says the Indians have had knowledge of the presence of gold for many years and that a few white men have had positive knowledge of its presence for a long time.

The Navajo reservation is nearly half the size of Indiana, equally divided north and south by the boundary line between Arizona and New Mexico, and bounded on the north by the San Juan river, which follows closely the southern boundaries of Utah and Colorado. The new El Dorado is in the north east corner of Arizona and in a section of country where there are unmistakable evidences of volcanic upheavals. It is territory held sacred by the Navajos, whose religious belief is identified with "the great fire," according to the legendary story of the eruptions in the dim past. The Indians in this part of the reservation are the most intelligent and at the same time the most dangerous of the tribe. They seldom visit the agency, which is one hundred miles to the south, and have always resented the visits of the white men. They are fine specimens of physical manhood, independent and very brave. They are held in check from going on the warpath by their wealthy possessions. They own vast flocks of sheep, a million or more head, thousands of horses, and, being expert workers in silver, have acquired wealth by the sale of the product of their handicraft. It is also known that there is a large deposit of coal and oil in this part of the reservation, one vein of coal seven feet thick having been discovered. There is also reason to believe that there is much copper in the reservation.

Three years ago a party of twenty prospectors went into the gold fields, led by an old-time miner, who had learned of the presence of gold from the Indians. Captain Wash, of the Sixth cavalry, was sent with a troop of soldiers to remove the prospectors from the reservation, but his mission proved to be of rescue before it was completed. Had he not gone to the rescue of the men there is no doubt they would have been massacred by the Indians. There are stories of venturesome white men who went into the San Juan country who never returned and whose fate is only a matter of conjecture.

For a number of years there has been more or less talk of the schemes of influential syndicates to secure the opening of the reservation, but Mr. Duncan does not believe that what has been done recently on the reservation side of the river was with the connivance of any one in authority. He thinks it more likely that the rush into the reservation was brought about by those who have secured the best claims with the ulterior purpose of causing one of those conflicts with the Indians that always result in the removal of the red men from the coveted land.

Likely To Be Tried Again.

It was said on yesterday by a member of the house of representatives, in regard to the World's fair appropriation, the following: "If the bill passes the senate now and is signed by the governor, and I suppose it will, then it will be brought into the courts again to test the right of the legislature to appropriate money to a corporation, and I will bet that the court will decide the bill unconstitutional." So it will be tried again.—Frankfort Argus.

Under the late revenue law all boarding-house keepers who take boarders by the day are deemed tavern-keepers, and required to take out license from the county clerk. The license is \$10 per year.

Take THE HERALD a year; \$1.00.

The War is On.

The Frankfort Capital of the 11th inst. says: The senatorial battle has begun, and Mr. Carlisle, from his room in the Capital Hotel, hears the cries of the populace: "The king is dead; long live the king." The clans are gathering, and the hotel registers show strange names; new faces are in the lobbies, while some of them are old in the ways of politics and senatorial contests. Here and there a self-important personage can be seen with an air of solemnity about him who thinks he thinks that he knows all about it, and who, when the election has passed into the history, will assume to have directed its movements and planned its result. This sort of person causes an epidemic of that tired feeling, and if he were to go home and never come back any more the wheels of the world would continue to go around.

The candidates are not yet in evidence, but they are within calling distance, and when the bell rings they will appear on the track.

As a matter of fact, no man is yet a candidate. There is no vacancy, and it would not be the best of taste to offer for Mr. Carlisle's shoes while he still wears them. Perhaps, as this is a senatorial matter, toga would be a neater word than shoes. The man would be, cruel indeed who would seek to rob another of his toga while the thermometer marks zero. But diplomacy has many devices, and he is a poor politician who cannot find a way to make known his wants.

Ex-Gov. McCreary has all the time been counted as one of the list of probable candidates, and the following letter, which was published in the Louisville Post, indicates that no mistake was made in the count:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 6, 1893.
Hon. W. W. Stevenson, Frankfort, Ky.:
My Dear Friend: It is probable that a senator will soon be elected by the members of the general assembly of Kentucky to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of one of the senators from Kentucky. I have great confidence in your judgment, and hope our friendship will excuse me for asking you to write to me on the subject. My experience as a legislator and as governor, and my eight years in congress, I hope, have equipped me for the important duties which a new senator would have to perform immediately after his election. If a vacancy occurs, and I am a candidate I will be very grateful for your aid.

JAMES B. MCCREARY.

Hog Meat Will Be Plentiful.

A New York view of the hog shortage is thus set forth: "The statement of the Chicago packers that the hog famine is due to the spring rains is all bosh. The whole amount of it is that Phil Armour and the other usually long-headed men got nipped in a little squeeze operated by such men as Charlie Wright and John Cudahy, of Chicago, and now they have not got the pork and cannot get it. The speculation in corn which was carried on so extensively put the price up so high that the farmers thought it much more profitable to market their corn than feed it to hogs, so they killed the animals and sent them to market. The result was that the summer killing increased about one million head and the winter supply is short. Then, too, the opening of foreign markets to the American hog had a great deal to do with it. Germany and France tried to force our porkers out by cutting their home prices and we cut under them and flooded the market. The only difference here is the increased price to consumers, as there is no speculation. New York does not speculate in provisions and lets futures, as far as they are concerned, severely alone. The supply is gradually increasing, however, and will soon be all right.

When two such distinguished citizens as Ex-governors Buckner and Knott journey to the far east to make a combined assault upon the president-elect there must be something up. The wide awake correspondents, however, have evidently not yet discovered the object of their mission, though they do tell us that these Kentuckians held a conference with the democratic chief and are returning home in pretty good humor.—Danville Advocate.